

Staked \$10,000.000 For Love - And Lost Both

How the Courageous Mrs. Garland-Green of Boston Played a Disastrous Rubber with Cupid



"There was heroic Mrs. Garland risking millions and luxuries on a dubious rubber with Cupid whose stakes, at most, were only love in a cottage."

IN YOUR games with the little love god you may, perhaps, win one out of two. But beware the "rubber." Cupid is the banker. He deals, and he plays to win. Be warned by the fate of Mrs. Marie Tudor-Garland-Green, who was reckless enough to challenge Cupid to a third bout when the game was a tie. Her recklessness has cost her both the original stake of love—which was the only stake Cupid knew of or cared anything about—and what might be termed a side bet of \$10,000,000.

All this is to be read between the lines of Mrs. Marie Tudor-Garland-Green's formal petition to be divorced from her second husband, Francis Cushing Green. For everybody who keeps track of matrimonial events in the smart set of American society, coteries of New York and Boston, remember the \$10,000,000 worldly strategic base for his widow which the late "Jimmy" Garland, of Boston, incorporated in his will.

Briefly, so long as the widow of James A. Garland, the multi-millionaire yachtsman of Boston, remained unwed she was to continue secure in the enjoyment of the income from his safely invested fortune of \$10,000,000. This was the same thing as handing over to the widow a fortune amounting to \$100,000 every year during her lifetime. So far as she was personally concerned it was the same as owning the whole \$10,000,000 lump.

For six years the widow appears to have found no flaw in that will. Then she discovered on her own confession that she wanted love and marriage more than she wanted the late celebrated yachtsman's \$10,000,000. She had always been in the habit of having what she wanted. That was a sort of birthright of hers, for, through her father, the late Frederick Tudor, of Brookline, Mass., she was the last of the last of the Tudors.

the Tudor kings. What she wanted now she believed was offered her by an old friend in her own social set, Francis Cushing Green, a well connected society man and civil engineer of New York.

So she blew a farewell kiss from her finger tips at the late "Jimmy" Garland's millions—and challenged Cupid to the decisive "leg" of the little game she had been playing with him, off and on, for more than twelve years.

As Cupid abhors divorce, Mrs. Garland lost the first leg when, after six years of happy married life, blessed with five children, "Jimmy" finding a package of love letters addressed to his wife by a noted Boston clubman, rushed off to a divorce court.

There had been bickerings before, and some tentative separations, due to "Jimmy's" jealousy and the wife's love of admiration. But now it was war to a finish. Mrs. Garland, always a brave and spirited woman, fought the case so well with weapons similar to her husband's that the court decided that the fault lay on one side as much as on the other. The decree was granted to the wife, with \$15,000 a year alimony.

In the circumstances it was victory for the wife, but a dearly bought one. The sequel showed that the necessary change in her style of living and the loss of the social glamour that rested wherever the rich and animated "Jimmy" Garland showed himself were almost unendurable.

She could not help recalling the Tudor-Garland wedding in St. Paul's Church, Brookline, in September, 1893. It was quite the social event of the season. Everybody who was anybody in Boston or Brookline society was present, and their married life began under most auspicious circumstances.

During the winter social season the young couple made their home in the handsome Back Bay residence that "Jimmy" Garland had fitted up for

his bride. In the summer they lived at a wonderful country estate at Hamilton.

For years they were rarely seen apart and society looked upon the pair as an exceptionally happy couple. They drove together, they yachted together, they went everywhere together. Such reflections as these in her present situation were not calculated to soothe the spirit of a descendant of Tudor kings.

She was living with her children in a modest house in the little seashore town of Cataumet, midway between Buzzard's Bay and Wood's Hole. What could she do here with fifteen thousand a year? To maintain her former social pace was out of the question. Invitations became fewer and farther between. Her name dropped out of the society columns. Her incident was closed so far as society could see.

Society ought to have known better. Kings hustled off their thrones never quite give up hope of scrambling back to that high, soft seat again—and Marie Tudor Garland was descended from a race of particularly persistent kings. She wasn't thinking of some new throne—to resume her seat up there beside "Jimmy" was the feat she was putting her mind to.

She had means of knowing that "Jimmy" nowadays rarely set foot off the decks of his splendid yacht, the Barracouta. Also that he was cruising about in lonely grandeur quite contrary to his former hospitable habit.

"Poor 'Jimmy's' lonesome," she thought. And she smiled shrewdly to herself.

One day she learned that her divorced husband was cruising along the South Shore. She kept track of the yacht's movements. At first the sight came on a certain morning she

quietly boarded the train for Hyannisport, where she knew the Barracouta was lying at anchor. She was charmingly, jauntily costumed. She had not looked prettier six years before when, as a bride, she stood at the altar of St. Paul's.

And she knew it. Arrived at Hyannisport, she engaged a launch and serenely ordered the man to take her aboard the Barracouta. The Barracouta's boarding ladder hung conveniently over her side.

The yacht's owner was not visible from the launch. That was not important. With perfect serenity and assurance Mrs. Garland climbed the ladder and stood on the familiar deck of her divorced husband's yacht.

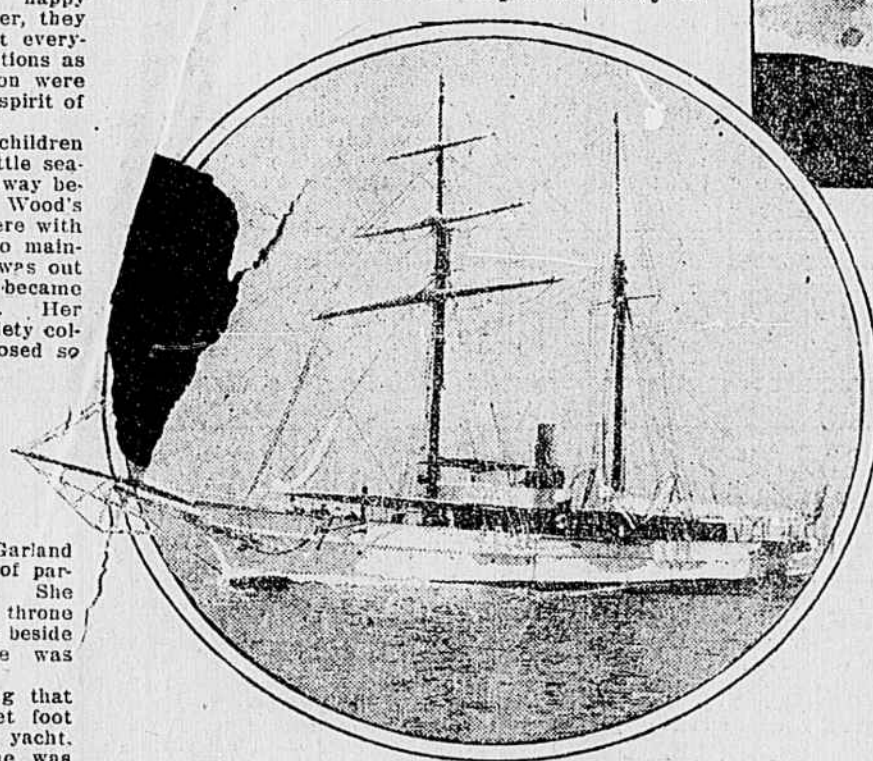
"Jimmy" was lounging alone on the after deck. He was horribly lonely, "bored stiff." He heard a soft foot-fall, lifted his eyes—and suddenly fell to rubbing them vigorously. No, it was no charming, momentary vision. It was the same living, glowing Marie whom he had loved so dearly, and had regretted so bitterly. Probably Marie felt an inkling of his state of mind, for as she advanced she smiled in the same old captivating way and said:

"Hello, Jimmy!"—in the same old

Mrs. Marie Tudor-Garland-Green. From a Photograph Taken at About the Time of Her Second Marriage to "Jimmy" Garland.

The Garland Yacht Barracouta, Upon Whose Decks

the Second Game with Cupid Was Played.



enchanted voice.

Right there is where Mrs. Garland "sat in" for the second leg of her little game with Cupid. That "Jimmy" was agreeable was demonstrated when he "piped up all hands" to raise the anchor and spread the glistening sails.

They didn't cruise very far that

day. Mrs. Garland was home in Cataumet in time for supper with the children.

But there were other little cruises. Boston society heard of them, and much discussion arose concerning the relations that were proper between a divorced couple. The talk was silenced not long afterward.

however, for Mr. and Mrs. Garland repaired to Bristol, R. I., where they were married for the second time and began their romance anew.

Second game won by Mrs. Garland—a tie!

Taking warning from their previous experience among the shoals of matrimony, the young yachtsman and his bride were less critical of each other's shortcomings on their second venture. They were a most devoted couple, and lived happily together until Garland's death.

When his will was read it was found that his entire estate, of more than ten million dollars, was to be held for her in trust, and that she was to have the use of the income as she saw fit, so long as she remained unmarried—as above set forth.

For six years she lived in enjoyment of all that vast wealth could procure. She shunned society. Her happiest hours were spent in her cottage of Day End Farm, in the little Cape Cod town of Bourne, where she occupied herself with plans for improving the farm gardens and in raising chickens.

Wouldn't you think that anyone playing with Cupid the game which was recognized as his specialty, even among the gods on Olympus, would be satisfied with honors even—with a tie?

Well, you remember that Mrs.

Marie Tudor-Garland, though not of the immortals, was descended from kings. Perhaps this explains why she dared to challenge the little love god for the "rubber."

The scientific chicken roost of Day End Farm refused to fill the void in her heart. As already related, she came to believe that Francis Cushing Green could.

They were married at Day End Farm, and it was their intention, at that time, to live together until last Spring.

Society believed, and really hoped, that pretty Marie Tudor—still handsome, though now a middle-aged woman—had found the happiness she craved. Little was heard from them by their Boston friends during their long absence from this country.

Last Spring, however, Green returned to America alone, and took quarters in New York. He had little to say of his wife, and although suspicion arose that the ten-million-dollar romance had met with disaster no real proof was forthcoming until a few weeks ago.

Then Mrs. Green filed a petition for divorce, in which she alleged that her husband was unfaithful to her. The case will be heard in Barnstable, Mass., soon.

Lost—\$10,000,000, staked for love; and love lost, too!

How to Do the New Dances--No. 4--The French Tango--By Margaret Hawkesworth

THOSE who are familiar only with the tango as danced in this country last winter and the two winters previous have little conception of the tango as it is, or rather was,

danced in Paris before the outbreak of the war. It was the most popular dance there all summer, and as soon as its steps are understood by our own public it will undoubtedly become one of our most popular dances. The French tango is standardized.

It has but five steps, instead of the dozens that were incorporated in ours, and, of course, every one dances it alike.

All during the Spring and early Summer one could go anywhere in Paris and find every one dancing it

alike and in a most exquisite manner. It is the truly intellectual dance, for, while the steps do not vary, each dancer puts as much individually in his execution of the dance as possible. Men and women of all ages dance it. In this country it is considered a dance for youth only.

Parisian takes his dancing seriously. It is an art with him. With us in America it is a sport, a diversion. They have taken our hit or miss tango and made a most charming ballroom dance of it. The rhythm and the slowness of the music appeal to the French man and woman. They do not like the one-step, the hesitation or the lame duck. They do not understand the spirit that underlies these ragtime dances, for to the Parisian all syncopated music is "ragtime" and utterly abhorrent.

There are a few points which the tango learner must bear in mind. 1

1—The "Open Three" is one of the old Tango steps, which Paris has included in her highly standardized Tango. As given here it is really a semi-open step. The partners are still in position given in figure 1. The man's hand resting on lady's side, as this position insures a more perfect control of lead and allows man to change lady's position from his side to directly in front of him, and vice versa, at will. In this "Open Three" the man leads with the left foot as he swings the lady toward him. He then swings or carries the lady backward in a reversal of the former, holding her, however, as shown in this illustration, not separating, as in the earlier form of the dance.

2—Is another semi-open step. This is a series of forward springy steps, the partners holding the arms and body as shown here throughout the entire movement. The spring comes almost entirely from the knees, and the heels must be kept from the floor. This gives the necessary spring to the step, which is by no means a jump. All springs must be smooth. These steps are taken in accordance with the music, which is slow and rhythmic.

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1—Correct position for opening steps of the French Tango.



2—Incorrect position, usually taken by self-taught pupils.

Assuming correct Tango position, the foundation step of this dance, the Cortes is danced. This step is taken from the old Tango and the maxie. Man starts forward with right foot, bringing his left foot forward on second count, then going immediately back on his right, finishing count with his weight resting on right foot. On the third count he steps back on left foot, holding his weight on

that foot during third and fourth counts of the music. Lady begins by coming back on left foot, swings right foot to the left, describing a semi-circle, then allows right foot to come to rest just back of left foot. Now, bringing the right foot back to the left foot, the lady throws her weight from right to left foot, finishing count with weight resting on left foot. On third count she swings her right leg in a semi-circle to a position causing her to face her partner again. At which her weight rests on her right foot. From this the dancers slide with the "Open Three."



3



4



5



6

5—In this step, the man goes forward with his left foot, the girl on right foot, first on heel, then on toe. This step can actually be done at will, and requires no series of steps or signals. The lady is carried in front, instead of on side.

6—In correct Tango position, dancers take series of short slides with bodies swaying from side to side, usually toward man's right. These swaying slides are not limited in number, but are danced in accordance with the phrasing of the music. The man crosses steps forward with his right foot, the girl going backward with left foot. At pause of each phrase of music, or on each accented beat, the feet are brought together. Then go through with same step ad lib until music stops.